

## NEW BOOKS.

**Incompatible.**  
Katherine Mackay's story, "The Stone of Destiny" (Harper & Brothers), sets forth the incompatibility of Theodor and Margaret. He was an idealist and an enthusiast, with high purposes treading upon the heels of one another; she merely a beauty with a desire to be loved. They lived in Touraine in a house built in the time of Louis XI—a house with stone rooms softened with tapestries and fine furniture, and including a tower in which he painted pictures. She had her doubts about marrying him, and once she broke off the engagement; but then she said to herself that perhaps she might grow up to him; he might "help her to see the strange unknown treasures he seemed to find in the colors of the sunlight, in the shadows of the woods," and so they were mated, and for a time they lived happily.

Alas! We read: "The days accumulated into weeks and months; the land of pleasure encompassed those two, and neither thought of looking to the morrow. In the course of time a boy and a girl were born to them, but Margaret pushed them away from her, fearful lest their little hands should touch and awaken her husband's heart, whose strength frightened her. She knew the hour must come when Love could no longer rock Ambition to sleep. Every serious thought was eliminated from their life. For three years one quality of happiness was theirs."

"But unbidden guests crept in and sat at their feast. Understanding yielded her place to her enemy, Doubt, while Love gave place in the withering presence of Sadness. Passion was no longer restrained by intellect, and the final hour of the dream was told by Destiny."

"Then Margaret walked with Sorrow, for Theodor's soul stirred and awoke in judgment. Endless, lonely days dragged by, and weary nights found their spirits wandering far into widely different worlds."

At the end of the story Theodor surprises Margaret with a lover. His rage is followed by forgiveness. He takes his wife by the hand and leads her to his mother, Theodora, who dies as her son kneels and receives her embrace. We read:

"Mad, blinded with rage, murder in his heart, he threw the window open and burst into the room. He stood before them for an instant, awful in his anger. He raised his hand to strike down the thief before him, but his hand remained uplifted, for the sound of his children's voices coming from without penetrated the barrier of his hate. His arm dropped to his side. A sigh of unutterable grief came from the depths of his very self as the shadow of his love faded from his sanctuary and the altar crumbled within his heart."

"He turned his eyes from the guilt before him and looked out of the farther window and saw the boy and girl sitting by his mother's chair under the old oak tree—a peaceful, gentle picture of innocent contentment."

"With all his strength, Theodor took his courage into his seeking spirit and spoke to the man cowering before him."  
"Go, leave this woman forever. Live your own life. Die your own death, for you carry the curse of your theft in your breast. Go," and he raised his hand.  
"The man walked out of the room, across the lawn, down the avenue."  
"The awful silence of Fate's presence filled the room."

"Theodor stood as though turned to stone until the man disappeared in the distance."  
"Then he looked at Margaret."

Presently he and Margaret "stepped out upon the lawn and went toward Theodora. The mother looked into her son's eyes and read his victory there. He knelt down beside her chair and laid his head against her breast. Theodora folded her arms about him as if he were a child."  
And in this supreme moment of victory Theodor's spirit passed on beyond this world, and Theodor held his mother's lifeless form against his heart."

A highly pitched and nervously expressed story, showing very plainly the painful instability of love in certain circumstances.

## Excellent Mrs. M'Leerie.

We have seen Scotch dialect stories (goodness knows we have seen them) that were much less to be commended than Mrs. M'Leerie's "The Stone of Destiny" (The Macmillan Company). The distinction between Mrs. M'Leerie and her friend Mrs. Munro represents character very carefully and amusingly. The reader should not be deceived by the dialect, which is indeed in too many cases no more than reading made difficult, but which has its compensations here.

Mrs. M'Leerie delivering herself to her friend of her opinions regarding the Freemasons was for once hardly charitable, and we do not wonder that Mrs. Munro, whose husband was a Mason, should have gone home in a dudgeon. But it speaks well for Mrs. M'Leerie that as soon as she had submitted the case to the minister, who proved to be still another Freemason, and who expressed a favorable opinion of the fraternity, she should have hastened to Mrs. Munro with an apology, even delaying Mr. M'Leerie's supper (the first time in a married life of more than forty years) in order to do it.

Mrs. M'Leerie's account of a visit paid by her to a relative in Kinbuckie—three hours from Glasgow by train and six miles in a gig at the end of the railroad journey—is included here and will call forth the reader's sympathy. It was not pleasant for one of Mrs. M'Leerie's age and habits, accustomed to the quiet and luxuries of a city, to be attacked by rambunctious farm animals or deprived of tea and plied with scones for a period of almost a whole week. Still she was set upon being complimentary, and insisted upon extolling the visit. "Mind, Mistress Munro," said she, in conclusion, "I never said I didna enjy maseel." Thus may very dreadful experiences be gilded in the retrospect.

There are fifteen dialogues and tales, concluding with an account of how Mr. M'Leerie, a notably robust and masterful man, fell ill for two days at the age of seventy and refused to take his medicine. A cheering and amusing book. The reader will be bound to like it.

## Full of Rich Surprises.

Mr. George Ade's book, "Breaking Into Society" (Harper & Bros.), contains twenty-two tales illustrative of this burglarious business. They are told succinctly, explicitly, informally and with animation, and their amusing quality is not to be disputed. The first tale, after mentioning "a grisly old Badger" who died possessed of the greater part of a Western town, says:

"After he changed his address to Over There, the Heirs erected something that looked like the Bunker Hill Monument, and then they had him done in Oil by a Celebrated Artist. The Artist fixed his hair for him and gave him a neat Stand-Up collar, such as no one could have put on the Old Man with a Block and Tackle. They named a School after him, and every one in Town who was related to him could butt in Society without a Ticket."

This will give an idea of the general

theme and the manner of its treatment. The particular story goes on to tell how the heirs tried to amuse themselves. Another tells of a schemer who stacked up a million and looked big to his relatives who lived out West, but who in New York was a "cheap piker" with only one tunnel to his steam yacht and only seven bath rooms in his house. Still another tells of a country boy who came home for a visit after nine months in Harvard. His father, after looking him over, was afraid that he would be attacked by the agricultural population. "They won't stand for any such fool Regatta," said the old man, "and if you walk like a frozen-toe Hen, you'll get some Hot Shots or I miss my calculations." To which the boy:

"Say, Poppy, I've been eating Raw Meat and drinking Blood at the Training Table and I'm on Edge. If any of these local Georgie Glues try to shoot their Pink Conversation at me, I'll toss them up into the trees and let them hang there. I'm the Gazabe that Puts the Shot. Any one who can trim a Policeman and chuck a Hackman right back into his own Hack and drive off with him doesn't ask for any sweeter Town than one of these Gaffer Greens. The Ploughboy who is muscle bound and full of Pastry will have a Proud Chance any time that he struts across my Pathway. In my Trunks I have eight suits a little warmer than this one and forty-seven pairs of passionate Hose. I'm out here to give the Cornfields a Touch of High Life."

He gave it. It became popular. The whole township imitated him, wearing Turkish towels for collars and practicing the Harvard walk. The moral of the tale involves praise for an atmosphere of culture. So they run. It is pretty safe to say that the reader at the beginning of it will hardly be able to guess how it will unfold.

## Charming, Though a Lie.

It has grieved us that the heroine of the story not too lucidly entitled "The Price of Youth," by Margery Williams (The Macmillan Company), should not have been allowed to come out happy. Fan Tasker was interesting enough to have been deserving of every reasonable consideration, and though we cannot see that he was any very great prize we believe that she should have had Willis King, the literary Philadelphian, if she wanted him.

The story is very reasonable and satisfying, except in this particular. Fan was a distinctly refreshing inhabitant and native figure of the New Jersey pines. It is our belief that she was pretty, though the story does not explicitly say so. She was a liar in such a frank and wholesome way that she may be both forgiven and commended. She was fitted to derive much enjoyment from a close contemplation of nature. "The girl who was stretched face downward on the pine needles watched the sky and the river and the floating fishhawk in a large indifference born of the afternoon."

That was Fan. "Her cheek rested on the curve of her arm, and her face was so close to the ground that she could feel the warmth from the sun-steeped needles. A curious warm murmur seemed to come from the earth, the sound of unseen life stirring. \* \* \* Shutting her eyes she fancied in the sound the rustle of countless things growing; tiny creeping prisoners forcing their bonds; a thousand midget earth folk insurgent. She could hear them pushing, stretching, moving cramped limbs. All the brown earth was alive, on tip-toe; the pageant march of summer had begun."

A girl with imagination, and with a curve to her arm; and if there were frolics on her slender nose, as she herself declared that there were, we do not care two straws. Her home confronted this charming nature rather rudely. Tasker's hotel did not strike King very favorably. "It was a frame house, gray and unpainted, standing in a clearing surrounded on three sides by pine woods." The sitting and dining rooms "held the close indescribable smell of all country sitting rooms, mingled in this case with an odor of spirits and stale tobacco from the bar beyond." It was furnished with shabby haircloth sofa and chairs and "an obliterating carpet," and the soiled blue-patterned walls were hung with insurance calendars and chromo advertisements of tobacco.

Amid this alluring nature, centering in this objectionable hotel, King and Fan Tasker had their romance. The limb of a cherry tree blasted in a thunder storm fell on King and broke some of his bones, and Fan was nurse to him while the bones were getting whole again. They drove about the country together, and one crucial night they lost themselves in the pines and never got home till 2 o'clock in the morning. A good realistic story, full of the color of place and of people; and we repeat that we feel it a privilege to have made Fan's acquaintance.

## A Real Poet of Ireland.

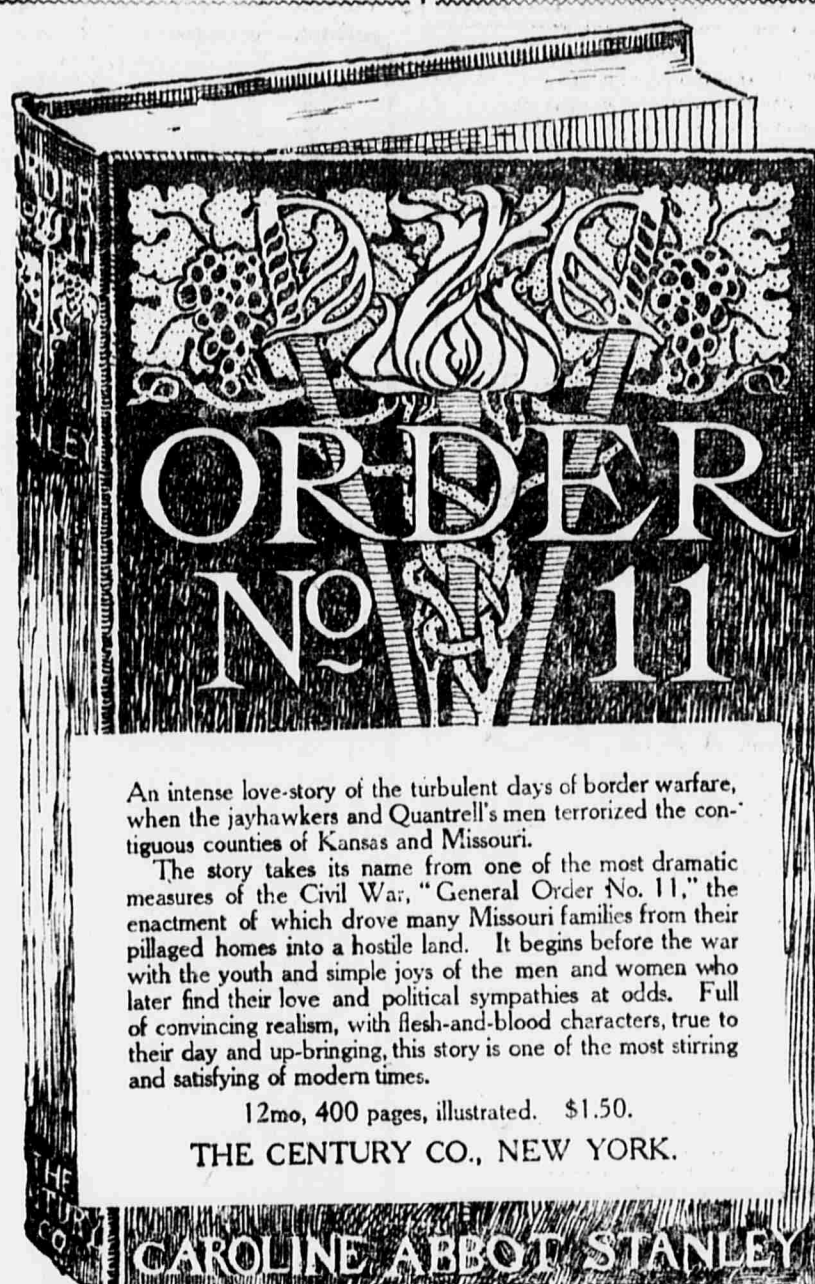
What an important factor Mr. W. B. Yeats is in modern English literature could not be demonstrated better than by the second little volume of his "Plays for an Irish Theatre," issued by the Macmillan Company, with the title, "The Hour-Glass and Other Plays." In a way it is the Masterlink idea of reaching a dramatic situation by imperceptible stages, but there is no imitation here; it is the application of an artistic theory that has been thoroughly comprehended and adapted to the material in hand. "Cathleen ni Houlihan" is a perfect piece of artistic work, poetic and wonderfully dramatic to read, and we should imagine far more dramatic in the acting. Masterlink has never done anything so true or effective as this short prose drama of Mr. Yeats's. There is not a superfluous word in the play and no word that does not tell. It must be dangerous to represent it in Ireland, for it is an Irish Marseillaise. The other two plays suffer in comparison; in "The Hour-Glass" a noble and poetic idea is carried out effectively while "A Pot Broth" is merely a dramatized humorous anecdote. But "Cathleen ni Houlihan" stirs the blood, and in itself establishes Mr. Yeats's reputation for good.

## Amusing John Henry Again.

Another of the John Henry stories, "I Need the Money" (G. W. Dillingham Company), tells of an effort on the part of John Henry and his devoted friend, Bunch Jefferson, to reclaim Uncle Peter from a newly formed and plainly dangerous habit of belonging to the horse-race. These two boys once procured a bookmaker who was bound by his oath and by his interests to be strictly their faithful creature, and proceeded then to stack Uncle Peter up against him. They would take in his money, they said to themselves, and return it with an admonition after he had been punished sufficiently.

The scheme miscarried, brilliant and worthy though it was, and instead of their astonishing their uncle their uncle astonished them. They "tipped him off" on an old "skate" named Beans, who appeared to have been entered for purposes of pure humor, and he put up \$1,000 that those hopeless animal at odds of 9 to 1. That having been done, the hopeless animal performed a miracle and came in ahead. In the chaotic words of the story: "Beans was a wench, and when that sad-eyed skate did a wench, back up to the wire post Bunch was on the way to the undertakers." The triumph of

## PUBLICATIONS.



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Beans meant that Uncle Peter walked off with \$9,000 of the John Henry and Bunch Jefferson money, leaving that humane firm insolvent. But Uncle Peter was reclaimed by other means, and the story ends happily, with virtue rewarded and gains to all concerned.

We have marked two brief passages as indicative of the style. On page 18 Bunch says: "Wait, John. I've got a great and original idea." To which John replies: "Be kind to Bunch; it's in a strange land." And again on page 84: "Uncle Peter took the money in an offhand way, that broke my heart and I could hear Bunch's mind give way with a crash."

Undoubtedly the new story is an occasion for joy. We do not hesitate to recommend it. According to the publishers' advertisement John Henry is George V. Hobart. Whoever he is he has the appearance of being cheerful.

A Story of Successful Farming.  
An unusual book and one possessing of considerable interest will be found in "The Pat of the Land; the Story of an American Farm," by John Williams Slosser (The Macmillan Company). This is an account of farming by a retired physician who took up the same at the age of 53. It tells how he found his farm, what he paid for it, what he did to improve it, how he ran it—all the detail that could be wished. There are chapters about the hired man, and boring for water, and planting trees; about the hens and the little pigs, the dogs and the horses, the dairy maid and the Holstein cows. We may quote a brief passage from the "razor back" chapter:

"I wanted white swine; not because they are better than swine of other colors, for I do not think they are, but for aesthetic reasons. My poultry was to be white, and white predominated in my cows; why should not my swine be white also—or as white as their habits would permit? I am told on all sides that the black hog is the hardest, that it fattens easier, and that for these reasons it is a better all-around hog. This may be true, but I am content with my white ones. When some neighbor gets a better bunch of hogs to market, or gets a better price for them than I do, I may be persuaded to think as he talks. Thus far I have sold close to the top of the market, and my hogs are never left over."

I wished to get the hog industry started

Continued on Tenth Page.  
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**The Easter Story**  
This dainty little book, printed in color with marginal decorations, is a charming explanation for grown-ups and children of the meaning of Easter.

**Lux Crucis.**  
Among the many so-called religious novels, the steadily increasing vogue of this "Tale of the Great Apostle" is a convincing testimony of its power and merit. Here and there critics proclaim it second only to "Ben Hur." The picture of the Apostle Paul, quietly wielding his titanic power in the decadent Rome of Nero's days is drawn with true dramatic power.  
**Breaking Into Society**  
George Ade's fables, like those of his great predecessor Aesop, refuse to pass out of fashion. This new volume of satire in slang is aimed at the newly-rich who have social aspirations, or describes, as Mr. Ade terms it, "What happens to Butters-in." The picturesque dialect and up-to-date metaphors sparkle on every page. Every one who has laughed over "Fables in Slang" will welcome this chance to laugh again.

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**The Stone of Destiny**  
The success of this romantic tale by Mrs. Katherine Mackay is attested by the fact that it has at once appeared upon the list of the six best-selling books in New York. Its idealistic treatment of a world-old problem is pretty and attractively done.

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